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MRS. SIMS WRITES OF THE BIENNIAL

Most Entertaining Account of the
Great Meeting of Club Women
in New York City.

The following letter from Mrs. M. W. Sims will be of interest to her many friends in Bryan who are always glad to hear from her.

Mrs. Sims is now at Chautauqua, New York, where she will spend the summer.

Chautauqua, June 21.

When Lord Byron left London for the last time, turning his gaze upon the city for a final look, he exclaimed, "Farewell, dear damned distracting town." And so said I of New York, on leaving it after three weeks' sojourn amid its fascinating follies, its enchanting, distracting attractions, its fine arts and sciences and its wonderful seats of learning.

Those of us who live in the small sequestered towns, "far from the maddening crowd," were at first quite overwhelmed with the noise, rush and push of the great city, and we had to be artful dodgers to escape being run over by the countless conveyances of every description known to man, and yet after a few days in the city, we joined the merry caravan and rushed with the multitude somewhere, anywhere, everywhere, and we learned to like it, too.

The biennial brought to New York many thousand club women from every point of the compass. Ah, me! What a multitude we were, and what a distracted expression was written upon every woman's face, for we were trying to do all the stunts that had

been prepared for our delectation by the New York club women.

The armory, where the biennial meetings were held, was the most mammoth thing of its kind on this mundane sphere—no human voice could fill it—the roar of a Nemean lion would have sounded like the chirp of a cricket in this vast hall. The delegates and visitors soon realized that it was impossible to hear the speakers, but for several days they continued to attend the meetings, then the crowd visibly diminished. Everything connected with the biennial was too big, the City of New York was too big (and offered too many attractions). The crowd was too big, the hall was too big and a few of the chairmen and directors had the big head, and ordered the club women around with scant courtesy.

On the day after our arrival in New York Mrs. Pennybacker called a meeting of Texas delegates in Hotel Astor. She made us a little talk, urging us to be very conservative in every way, in everything, especially in expressing a preference for either candidate for president of the G. F. W. C. Then Mrs. Fleming reiterated Mrs. Pennybacker's request—"We Texas delegates must be very conservative." We were so awed by these repeated requests for conservatism, that we felt we should dress in deep mourning, walk on tip toes and speak in whispers. (But we didn't.)

Absolutely there was no electioneer in for president. We did not get close enough to hear each other. There wasn't interest enough in the election. There was no atmosphere, no enthusiasm, no spirit of togetherness. It was all too big, too aloof. New York overshadowed the biennial meet.

I must tell you of an amusing incident. Mrs. Fleming and I went into the room set aside for voting, only

two voters at a time were admitted into this sanctum sanctorum. Sitting at a table were two women guarding the ballot boxes. They were as silent, inscrutable, and awesome as the Sphinx. I did not know that while in this room to vote, no woman must speak or show her ballot to the other woman, so I proceeded to show Mrs. Fleming my ballot. Just then the chairman of the nominating committee rushed into the room and she nearly had hydrophobia when she saw me speaking to Mrs. Fleming. In a loud, excited tone of voice she said: "Any one who shows her ballot to another person will be put out of this room instantly." I looked the woman in the eye and said: "Upon what meat hath this our Caesar fed that she hath grown so great." She gave me an astonished look and flounced out of the room. This same "snatch cat" came near precipitating a rumpus in a conference we had in the ball room of Hotel Astor and if it had not been for Mrs. Pennybacker's matchless tactfulness, and her incomparable "suaviter in modo fortiter in re," we would have had a disgraceful scene. Since Mrs. Pennybacker is no longer our president, I have lost interest in the National Federation. Her like we will not look upon again.

I presume you saw in the papers an account of the reception given the Texas delegates by the officers of the battleship Texas. They stood in line to receive us, and what a body of splendid looking men they are. We were escorted all over the monster battleship, costing fifteen million dollars. We were served with refreshments, had a band concert, and we all joined in singing Dixie, then departed.

Of the numerous entertainments prepared for the delegates, one of the most unique was the Shakespeare dinner. Many "Celebs" were present and it was a joy to listen to their brilliant conversation and hear them recite their own poems. Another enjoyable entertainment was the garden party given by the International Garden Club. The receipts from this flower show for a week were given for the relief of the French soldiers blinded in war. This International Garden Club is made up of multi-millionaires. We motored forty miles through the beautiful estates of the millionaires, and believe me, my dear, I have never seen anything more magnificent, though I have seen the estates of kings and queens and lords and ladies of high degree. Arrived at the flower show we were greeted by the reception committee in the most cordial manner. He it known to you that each of these women has her villa in Newport. The great divide that separates the multi-millionaire from the non-millionaire seemed to be bridged on this occasion.

The "Idle Rich" have at last found a mission in life, and it is the Red Cross work. They are enthusiastic workers for the relief of the wounded and blind French and Belgian soldiers. They are wonderfully patriotic, keenly alive to the necessity of preparedness and talk of nothing else but Americanism, loyalty to our flag and woman suffrage. Truly "one touch of nature makes the whole world akin," and we Texans met these Eastern women on the common ground of Americanism. But the thing that makes their beautiful faces blanch, is not a foreign war; it is as they told us in a whisper, "a war of labor against capital. We realize it is the inevitable," they said, "and when it comes, God help us all, for the horror of the French revolution will be repeated."

I must tell you just briefly of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's reception. She spent \$10,000 for this function. It was given at the home of DuPont (the

man you know who has added tens of millions to his many millions by manufacturing ammunition for the foreign nations at war).

Four of us hired a taxi and motored to the DuPont estate, thirty-five miles from New York. Ma fol! what grandeur and magnificence riches can give you! The crowned heads of Europe have nothing to exceed it. Mrs. Belmont chartered a boat to bring the club women to this reception and three thousand of them went. The Newport orchestra furnished the music for the afternoon. Two opera singers gave several selections, a group of children in costume gave folk dances on the lawn, three brilliant women spoke on woman suffrage, and then this multitude of three thousand club women was served with delicious refreshments.

I should take time to tell you of Lady Aberdeen's address and of a Russian princess who refused to enter an elevator if any other but her crazy highness was in it.

We took in all the good plays, Sothorn and Marlow, Sir Herbert Tree in "Tempest" and "Merry Wives," Mrs. Fisk and dozens of other good plays. We would return from the theatre about 11:30 to our hotel to the dining room for some light refreshment and watch the dancers until 1 o'clock, and then to bed.

We tried all the fine, expensive, swagger places where the "High Brows" eat and there we kissed our money good-bye for a meal that would starve a canary. The most exquisitely beautiful place of this kind is the Crystal Ballroom at the Ritz Hotel, but if you are really hungry, eschew the swagger hotels and restaurants and go to Enrico Paglieri, an Italian restaurant on West Forty-sixth Street and get a delicious meal for sixty cents—such spaghetti you'll find nowhere else this side of Naples, and the atmosphere of the place is so truly Bohemian.

But why attempt to recount all the pleasures and experiences that we crowded into the three weeks we were in New York? When I left the city I had brain fog. I was weary mentally and physically, and I sought this haven of rest, Chautauqua. It is positively sweet to look upon the green meadows here, all abloom with the golden buttercups, to see the robins feeding their young, to see the little brown wrens nesting in the bird houses, to hear a crow merrily cawing across the fields, and to see the little sail boats speeding across the lake.

To be close to nature again is delicious after a three weeks' sojourn in mad, fascinating New York.

PATTIE W. SIMS.

BASEBALL AT SHILO.

The Shilo baseball team defeated the Harvey nine last Saturday afternoon at the Shilo diamond by a score of 5 to 3. The team from Shilo has played several games this summer and are yet undefeated and a letter from V. J. Boriskie to The Eagle states that his team would like to match a game with any amateur team in the county. He prefers that games be arranged for Sunday or on picnic days. If you have a ball team and are interested, telephone him at No. 11, 4 rings, at College Station.

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Classified Column

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FOR SALE OR TRADE—Good six-room residence and barn; 7 acres of land in Harvey. Sell for cash or take automobile in trade. Ed Graham.

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FOR SALE—Comparatively new Mattress Machine, Cotton Picker and Blower in first-class condition. Also 5 H. P. Motor and Transformer. Will sell cheap for cash if sold at once. Full information on request. Gentry White, Bryan, Texas.

FOR SALE—Second hand Ford roadster at once. Phone 48 or 228.

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FOR RENT—Three southeast rooms furnished for light housekeeping. Lights, baths and private telephone. Three blocks from car line. Mrs. H. H. Williamson.

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The Soda Fountain An American Institution

Did you ever stop to realize that the soda fountain is as much an American institution as the sausage is a German institution. "French Bread" is an institution in France and the Plum pudding an English institution? And the funny part of it all is that though one seldom sees a soda fountain in Europe (and then only for the sake of attracting American tourist trade) just as soon as a foreigner gets to this country he too seems to learn to love the soda fountain.

But, if you are old enough to look back a few years you will remember that only comparatively recently has the soda fountain been either so popular or so beautiful and hygienic.

You may remember what these old soda fountains looked like—what poor provision they made to supply even their scanty trade.

What has wrought this great change—what has made the soda fountain a national institution—a comfort and necessity in the daily lives of men and women—not only during the hot summer time but the whole year 'round.

The answer lies in that delicious beverage Coca-Cola. Soon after its introduction at the fountain people began to ask more and more for this distinctive drink. Along with its demand came the demand for more places that would serve it. Soda fountains sprang up everywhere, improving in beauty, neatness and attractive service. It is a fact that the part the soda fountain and all its allied industries have come to play in the economic life of the nation today is due largely to the stimulus given to it by Coca-Cola.

In the same way has the call for bottled beverages grown. In 1899 Coca-Cola in bottles was first put on the market and the same quick recognition and appreciation was accorded to it in this form as



A MODERN SODA FOUNTAIN
was as evident in the fountain trade. The same principles of purity, goodness and deliciousness made another astounding record of growth possible. Bottling plants have been established all over the country to take care of this branch.

Just think of it—over 95,000,000 glasses and bottles of Coca-Cola are drunk every month. So—just as much as is the soda fountain a national institution so is Coca-Cola the National Beverage.